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REVELATIONS OF A WIFE

The Story of a Honeymoon

A Wonderful Romance of Married Life Wonderfully Told by
ADELE GARRISON

CHAPTER CCCII

WHY MRS. COSGROVE CONFIDED IN MADGE

Mrs. Cosgrove's eyes were constantly upon me during the rest of the breakfast at the Catskill Mountain farmhouse. I could feel their steady scrutiny even when my eyes were lowered to my food. I knew that she was trying to ascertain whether or not I had discovered the deception that she and her husband had practised upon the breakfasters, when by means of different clothing, they had made it appear that both their twin sons had been present at the table.

The evening before I had idly tested my powers by finding a characteristic of one of the boys which the

other did not possess. I felt certain that I was the only one at the breakfast table, save the father and mother, who possessed this knowledge. I was genuinely sorry that I knew the secret when I met Mrs. Cosgrove's eyes, full of sombre misery, and saw that she dreaded my knowledge.

When Dicky at last pushed back his plate and declared himself satisfied, it was a real relief to me.

"I'll just run up and get my things and then we'll start," Dicky said to me.

He went up the stairs with a bound. Mrs. Allis and the two other boarders had left the table some minutes before, so there was no one except the Cosgroves and myself in the dining room. I purposely delayed rising from the table, for I had

no wish to encounter Mrs. Allis outside.

Mr. Cosgrove and the boy, Ned, left the room immediately after Dicky. I was certain that it was a signal from the mother's eye that had sent them away.

A moment later she drew her chair close to mine and sat down. Deep lines were graven in her face, her eyes were tortured like those of an animal in pain, and she seemed to have a curious hesitancy of speech.

A Promise Given

"Mrs. Graham," she began at last, "I am going to ask something strange of you. I rarely make a mistake in faces, and I know that you are a woman of sympathy and one who can keep a promise."

"Please tell me, Mrs. Graham," she inquired anxiously, "can you really tell my boys apart?"

I looked straight into her eyes. I felt that she was entitled to a straightforward answer.

"Yes, I can, Mrs. Cosgrove," I answered quietly.

"Then you know," she half whispered the words furtively, "that there was only one boy at the breakfast table this morning when they all supposed there were two?"

"Yes, I know."

She sank back into her chair and put her hand to her eyes for a moment. As she took it away, I started at the look of anguish which she gave me.

"I cannot explain to you now, Mrs. Graham, why I'm carrying on this deception," she said. "I can give you my word of honor, however, that it is a necessary one and one in which there is no possible wrong. But if the deception and the reasons for it were made public, a great harm would be done to an innocent, unfortunate person. You are a stranger to me, but may I ask you not to betray the knowledge you have?"

I reached out my hand and laid it firmly upon the trembling, well-worn fingers touching the tablecloth.

"I shall not mention what I know to anyone, save, perhaps, my husband, and I can assure you he will not reveal it."

Her only response was the turning of her hand, palm upward, underneath mine, and a clenching of the fingers in a grip that hurt.

"Thank you," she said calmly, and rising went into the kitchen with as unperturbed a mien as if she had simply been consulting with me about my wishes for dinner.

I was glad to get out into the glorious autumn air with Dicky. It seemed as if the very atmosphere of the homely farmhouse was stifling, brooding with mystery.

"We have quite a walk in front of us," Dicky said. "Ned or Fred or whatever his name is, says there are some good pools about half a mile up the stream. Do you want to go along the road and then go down, or beat up along the bank of the stream?"

A Puzzling Question.

"Oh, let us go along the bank by all means," I returned, for the rolling, tumbling mountain stream I had seen coming up on the train was the sight I most wished to see.

We descended the steep bank through brushwood and stones, which tested sorely my ability to keep my feet. But with Dicky's aid I soon scrambled down the narrow bank of the stream, where the feet of other fishermen had made a rough trail.

"Do let us sit down a minute, Dicky," I begged. "It's so beautiful here I want to look at it. Besides, I simply can't go fishing or do anything else until you tell me the story of Robert Savarin, the artist who painted those paintings we saw in the parlor of the farmhouse last night."

Dicky looked at me quizzically.

"Still on the trail, Sherlock Holmes?" he asked.

"Perhaps," I returned, enigmatically.

"It isn't much of a story," he said, thoughtfully. "Just ask me what you wish to know and I'll try to answer."

"First, is Robert Savarin living or dead?" I asked quickly.

"That's a question which hasn't been answered for 15 years," Dicky replied.

(To be continued)

"Thelma" Individual Chocolates—Made in Salem, 5c everywhere.

Mrs. O. C. Locke and Dr. H. H. Olinger Win Trophy

Mrs. O. C. Locke and Dr. H. H. Olinger with a score of 169 won the Houser trophy cup in the golf tournament at the Illahee country club Sunday. In spite of discouraging weather one match drew a good number of golfers and interest was keen. Next Sunday the first elimination match for the Gardner & Keene cup will be played.

Following are the remainder of the scores in Sunday's match:

T. B. Kay and Mrs. Erel Kay, 172; Walter McDougall and Mrs. Ed Baker, 173; O. E. Locke and Mrs. Ed Gillingham, 177; Homer H. Smith and Mrs. H. H. Olinger, 184; Dr. and Mrs. C. H. Robertson, 191; Chester G. Cox and Mrs. W. H. Lytle, 182; Dr. W. H. Lytle and Mrs. Ted Edwards, 202.

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Gives vigor and nerve tone to aged and infirm, and those worn-out from overwork, worry, excitement or close confinement in homes or shops.

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SACRED HEART HONORS G. A. R.

Veterans Entertained With
Program—Soldiers Lauded
in Address

Following is the program of exercises given by the pupils of Sacred Heart academy on Friday last for the entertainment of their guests, the members of the Grand Army of the Republic and of the Women's Relief Corps:

Vocal solo, "O That We Too, Were Maying".....R. Mailloux, V. Finney
Recitation.....Decorative Hymn
M. Heenan

Highland Fling, Junior Physical Culture Class.....
Vocal solo, "Send Me a Rose From Hometown".....V. Finney
Recitation.....Our Flag

Piano Solo.....Lena Hucklestein
May Pole
Chorus, "When Blue Stars Turn to Gold".....Academic Vocal Class
Address.....Lily Blake
Star Spangled Banner

It is to no disparagement to the other numbers to say that the finest and most pleasing was the "Highland Fling" by the nine little girls, dressed in their plaid skirts and caps, as they danced in perfect time and accord. The address of Miss Blake was as follows:

"Esteemed Members of the G. A. R."

"May, with its joy and happiness of new life budding forth in all its verdure in tree, blossom and blade, brings us many days of joy, not one of which surpasses the pleasure which we today experience in welcoming you into our midst."

"Welcome seems a small word, but hidden in its depths are the sincerest sentiments of respect and veneration for those who have preceded us in the devotion and sacrifice for our beloved country."

"That which our brave lads on land and sea have done in the recent conflict forms a chapter unparalleled in history. What spurred them on? What impelled them to make the supreme sacrifice? What was stronger than love of mother, wife or babe? To one and all we answer patriotism; love for that grand republic for which you, esteemed members of the G. A. R., gave all and were ready to sacrifice your lives to keep and preserve us a nation."

"Well may our lads in blue and brown have looked with pride on the pages of history and found the story of men, loyal, brave and true and turning from the printed page, have seen in the great book of life the exemplars of those acts of bravery. The lesson was well learned, and when the call for help came, we all know the generosity with which the nation as one responded."

"As of old the aged gladiator viewed, with satisfaction the victory of his pupil and counted as his own the new laurels, so may you, veterans of our great struggle, note with a just pride, the victories and achievements of our lads."

"Peace now dawns, and amid the faint auroral flushes, may be discerned the olive wand held aloft promising peace, joy and union. Let us in this new era opening upon us prove ourselves equal to the task of loyally supporting that union for which such mighty sacrifices were made—of being citizens loyal and true in life and principle to the grandest flag that was ever unfurled to the breath of heaven. Indeed 'tis a part of God's great plan of nature; the blue of the heavens softly enfolding the stars reminding us of the fidelity we owe her; the crimson of the sunset broken by purity's symbol, reminds us that by our purity of life we must prove that our hearts' blood is ready for our country if she but call."

"The flag waves today o'er new mounds in God's acre and each year we miss some loving faces who have gone to rejoin their comrades in arms. Lovingly and tenderly we place there the wreaths entwining the rose and the lily."

"From the silence of sorrowful hours

The desolate mourners go lovingly laden with flowers
Alike for the friend and the foe.

Under the sod and the dew
Waiting the judgment day
Under the roses, the blue,
Under the lilies, the gray.

"There they rest, and even though names be forgotten, never shall we forget that valiant army of men who have passed afar. Today, we honor those whom we are privileged to have in our midst, and be assured, esteemed friends, that loyal hearts await ever to bid you welcome to our loved school and we hope that the pupils of S. H. A. will have the pleasure of receiving you many times."

People of Salem Thanked
by Western Oregon Girls

The following resolutions were adopted by the Western Oregon Older Girls' conference which closed its session in Salem Sunday.

"Be it hereby resolved, That the Western Oregon Older Girls' conference takes this opportunity to express its appreciation to the State Sunday School association, under whose auspices this conference has been held, and particularly to Mrs. F. N. Rogers, under whose direction this conference has been successfully conducted."

"Be it further resolved, that

"Whereas the Sunday schools and churches of Salem have given their

effectual support to the work of the Oregon State Sunday School association in the cooperative invitation extended to the Western Oregon Older Girls to hold their seventh annual conference in this city, and

"Whereas, the residents of Salem have extended their hospitality to the delegates of the conference, and

"Whereas, the First Methodist church of Salem has thrown open its doors to the conference delegates and allowed them the use of the church for their conference assemblies, and

"Whereas, the Lodeca class of the Methodist church just mentioned has been instrumental in arranging for this conference in its city and providing entertainment for the delegates while in the city, and

"Whereas, the girls of Willamette university so pleasantly entertained in their quarters on Saturday afternoon, May 24,

"The girls of the Western Oregon conference wish formally to express their appreciation for the beneficial and delightful conference to the above mentioned organizations and those residents who have so kindly entertained them in their homes;

"Also to the retiring officers, Miss Margaret Scott, president; Miss Julia Gromoff, vice-president; Miss Esther Parangon, secretary, and to Miss Kathryn Gibbard of the Lodeca class, and their co-workers for the time and effort they have spent in furthering the conference work."

DON'T GET RUN DOWN
Weak and miserable? If you have dull head pains, dizziness, nervousness, pains in the back, and feel tired all over, get a package of Mother Gray's Aromatic Leaf, the pleasant medicinal tea. We have many testimonials. As a gentle laxative it has no equal. Ask for Mother Gray's Aromatic Leaf at druggists or sent by mail for 60 cents. Sample FREE. Address, Mother Gray Co., Le Roy, N. Y.

Billy Sunday Unable to
Speak for Reconstruction

Rev. Billy Sunday, renowned evangelist, has been invited by Governor Olcott to speak in Portland on behalf of the reconstruction measures which are to be voted on June 3, but because of ill health is unable to accept the invitation. The governor was requested by the reconstruction campaign committee to extend the invitation to Mr. Sunday for an address at the municipal auditorium on Saturday night, May 31. In reply Mr. Sunday writes:

"I feel honored to have you write

to me to speak in Portland May 31 on the matter of reconstruction measures. I only wish I felt able to undertake the talk, but I do not.

"My three weeks campaign for liberty loan on top of my year's work and then I am recovering from a severe operation all combined have

taken my strength so I do not feel able to the task."

"I thank you and feel proud I am an Oregonian at least a few months each year."

"I hope to be down to Salem some time and will honor myself with a call."

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What is CASTORIA

Castoria is a harmless substitute for Castor Oil, Paregoric, Drops and Soothing Syrups. It is pleasant. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other narcotic substance. Its age is its guarantee. For more than thirty years it has been in constant use for the relief of Constipation, Flatulency, Wind Colic and Diarrhoea; allaying Feverishness arising therefrom, and by regulating the Stomach and Bowels, aids the assimilation of Food; giving healthy and natural sleep. The Children's Panacea—The Mother's Friend.

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